

# THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 6

## The Arrow and the Song.

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## A Matter of Change.

BY A. MABELLE BARBER.

"Bobbie, here is a five-dollar bill. Go over to Mr. Herring's and get the bushel of pears I spoke for last week, and on your way back stop at the cobbler's for my shoes. Run along now, dear, so's to get back before dark; besides, dinner is nearly ready."

No answer from the lank youth sprawled out in the Morris chair, his face concealed behind a magazine.

Presently, "Bobbie!" Silence.

"Bob!"

"Uh-huh."

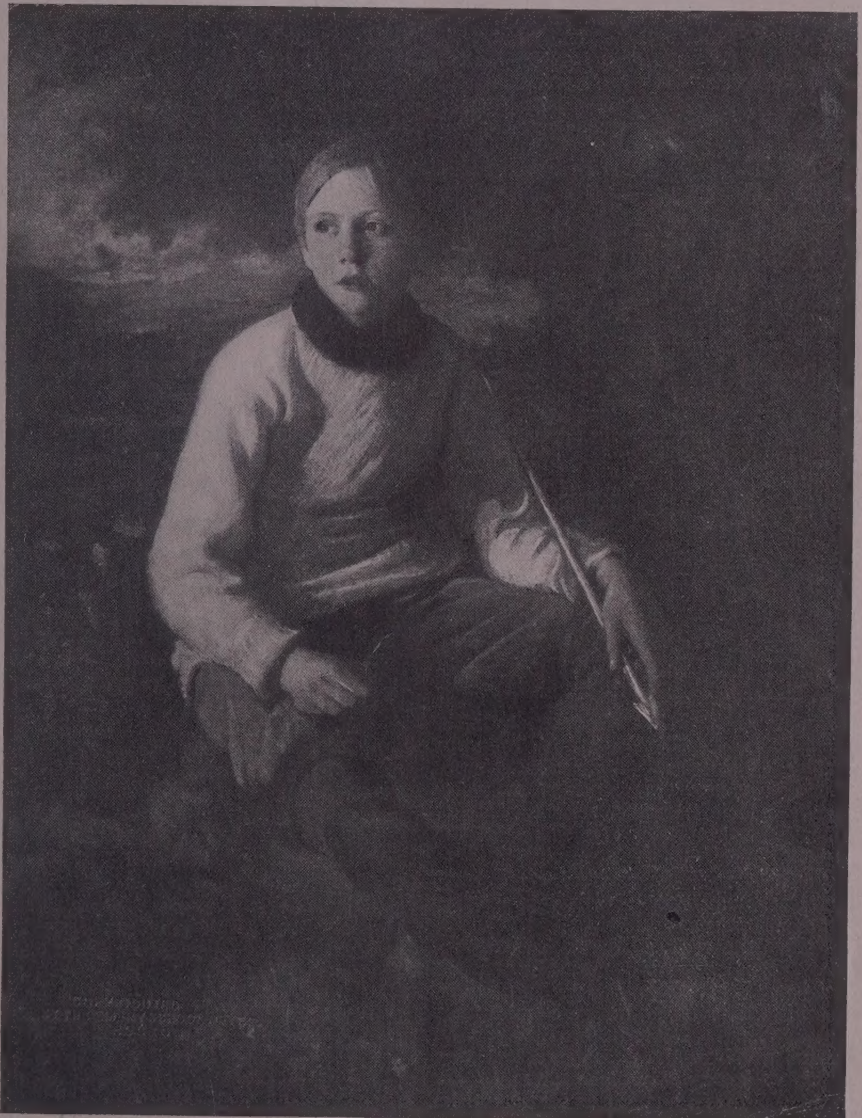
An ominous quiet, then, "Robert!"

"Ma'am?" jumping up as he recognized the severity in his mother's voice; then, stretching the awkward arms and legs of fourteen, he thrust the paper before her face, and, twining one arm about her neck, burst forth in a tone of mingled enthusiasm and persuasion,

"Say, ma, just look at this watch that's advertised. Ain't it a corker! Only five dollars, too! Gun metal case, thin model, full jewelled, guaranteed to keep perfect time, and they'll keep it in repair a year free of charge! Gee! It's a peach! Say, ma," pressing his cheek close against hers, "y' know I've got two dollars and seventy-five cents of my own. Couldn't you just gimme the rest, and let me seh for one?"

"Sonny, you know right well mother has too many ways to expend the family cash in these days of high prices to squander any of it on a cheap watch that probably wouldn't last you a month."

"Why, Ma Sturgiss!" Bob exclaimed indignantly, "I had that last dollar watch 'most two years—didn't I, gram?" turning to a mild-eyed, elderly woman who had just entered the room. "And I'd a had it now, too, just as good's ever, 'f some duffer hadn't stolen it while I was in swimming last summer. I *always* take care of my things, don't I, gram?"



THE BOY WITH AN ARROW—DOUGLAS VOLK.

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Before this "court of last appeals" could lend the moral support which so frequently decided arguments in Bob's favor, Mrs. Sturgiss resumed in a tone of finality that crushed his budding hopes:

"Now Bob, it's no use to tease. Some day, I hope, you can have a really good watch; but until then you must be patient. Now hurry along, dear, and get the pears. They'll be a dollar. And my shoes—don't forget,

will you? They'll be a dollar, too. And mind you're careful of the change!"

Bob, disappointed, and not at all comforted by the prospect of that superior time-piece which might be his in the vague future, thrust the bill into his pocket, and with lagging footsteps made his way out to the shed for his hand-cart, keeping up a constant fire of murmuring protest.

"'F she'd lemme do it, I could go over to



the Athletic Club and set up pins for 'em evenings, an' get six dollars a week for it, and then I could get a watch, an'-an' everything else I wanted. 'Twouldn't hurt me a mite, either." This in answer to the family's objections which memory held in reserve. "I could get up a little earlier mornings to study my home lessons. I just bet," pulling out his cart with a petulant jerk, "I'll work next summer vacation, and spend the money any old way I want to!" A brave defiance that was entirely discreet in the solitude of the shed.

But boy spirits at fourteen, in the clear crisp air of October, cannot be long depressed; and presently Bob was striding along in the gutter, kicking up the heaps of dead leaves, and whistling "Strawberries" with a vigor and abandon that indicated entire forgetfulness of his thwarted desires. Not, indeed, until he reached the large, rambling old house of Mr. Herring, a man noted impartially for his wealth, parsimony, and ill-temper, did Bob's grievance recur to him.

"Old tightwad!" he soliloquized, as he trundled his cart up the side path to the kitchen door; "wish he couldn't eat another meal till he'd given me half his money!" With which charitable sentiment he pulled the bell with, perhaps, a bit too much vigor, and then stood inwardly quaking at the clangor reverberating within.

Suddenly the door opened, and out popped old Mr. Herring—more like a jack-in-the-box than anything else, Bob thought. He was a weazened and decrepit remnant of manhood, and just now his appearance was more forbidding than usual, for the beady, black eyes snapped angrily.

"Can't you ring a bell without a-pulling it out o' the socket?" he croaked. "Where was you brought up? And what do you want anyway? Got a tongue?"

Humiliated and abashed, Bob briefly explained his errand, and without superfluous remarks followed the grumbling old man to an out-building where the pears were soon measured and deposited in the cart. As Bob tendered the bill in payment, "Salt Herring" (as the boys disrespectfully nicknamed him) peered at it cautiously in the waning light, and mumbling "Eh? Hm-m! Five dollars, hey?" produced from an inside pocket a huge old wallet stuffed so full of greenbacks that Bob's eyes bulged at the sight.

"Here y'are," he quavered, "one, two, and two's four. And don't ye forgit to shet that gate behind ye, neither."

"Oh, I'll shut it, all right, all right," replied Bob with a positiveness that was not reassuring; and, passing through, he slammed it with a force that caused the entire fence to waver, and called forth from its owner an explosion of wrathful and uncomplimentary remarks,—a tirade that followed Bob as far as he could hear, and was as unctuous balm to his ruffled temper. Therefore, in high spirits he bounded into "little John's," the cobbler's.

"Shoes ready, John?"

"Si—si—all-a-ready," answered the cobbler in his broken English. "Wait-a: I put-a-in-der pape," and began groping about underneath the counter.

"How much?" asked Bob, pulling out his money, and then—why—where—and he gazed in blank astonishment at what he saw in his hand! A one-dollar bill, a two, and a ten!

"Gee whiz!" he said softly, "the old duffer's given me a ten-dollar bill for a one!"

He stared steadily a moment more; then suddenly his expression changed from surprise to longing—then irresolution—then to sullen defiance. "Blamed 'f I'll go back with it, either," thought he, resentfully, stuffing it and the two back into his pocket, and throwing the remaining bill on the counter, "the all-fired crank! Serves him right. Anyway," he continued, arguing with the "still, small voice," "he'll never miss it. It's only a drop in the bucket to that old skinflint, and—and—by cracky! I'll have that watch!"

Just at this moment a lively colloquy was heard outside. The door flew open, and young Jack Ormsby and—his sister!—burst in,—not the skinny little sister, with freckles and red hair, and the biggest little tattletale! (I quote Bob's own unvarnished description.) No, indeed! The sister—the one with big blue eyes, and little curley-cue fluffs of hair 'round her face, and such nice red cheeks, and's got those cute dimples at the corners of her mouth when she talks—makes you want to watch 'em every minute,—in fact, Margery Ormsby! Only that very afternoon Bob had dared offer to carry her books, and she had not seemed displeased at his presumption either. Indeed, it was her laughing remark at the gate that she must go in and "practise" that had roused his sleeping ambition for the watch, because he was just sure it couldn't be 2.30 when she went in. Why! When he reached the drug store at the corner, going lickety-clip, it was only 2.28!

While these thoughts sped through Bob's mind, young Jack, laughing and gasping, was struggling in his sister's grasp.

"Go ahead," he panted. "Tell him 'f you want to—I don't care!"

"Say, Bob," exclaimed Margery (Bob never before realized what a nice name he had!), "what do you think this kiddie did! As we came along, he saw your pears here and took one, and was going right along without saying a word—said 'twasn't any harm, just one pear, an'-an'-I've made him come in an' tell, 'cause I knew you wouldn't do anything so mean and dishonest by him!"

Bob's heart thumped riotously with exultation and pride, as:

"Oh, that's all right! You can have all you want, Jack," he exclaimed magnanimously. Then, tucking the shoes under his arm, he threw open the door, and they all went outside.

"Say, this is a peach!" he exclaimed paradoxically, picking up an especially luscious pear, and diffidently holding it out to Margery. "Want it?"

"Ooh! Thanks!" she chirruped, blushing and dimpling up at him in the most fascinating way imaginable. "I'll save it till after dinner—when I'm getting my home lessons"; and then, as she darted off, "so long! See you to-morrow after school!"

Bob was sorely tempted to relieve his surcharged feelings by turning a handspring then and there, but compromised by galloping down the street at a pace which threatened to overturn his load of fruit.

"By jing!" he murmured ecstatically, "that's the kind of a girl a feller likes to know. Most of 'em haven't got any sense. What was that she said—er—knew I wouldn't do anything mean or dishon—"

Suddenly Bob stopped and stood stock-still. Gee! That ten-dollar bill! It burned straight through his jacket and on to his side like a red-hot coal! And, if you'd been there, you'd have seen the dull red suffuse his

round, tanned cheeks, and a film cover the hazel eyes. *Keep it? Why—the—idea!* He'd never really meant for a minute to do anything so low and shameful! What would ma and dad and gram and—and Margery think of a boy—

Half an hour later, as the family were finishing dinner, and growing anxious over Bob's absence, that young man suddenly appeared, face glowing, eyes radiant; and, in answer to their questions, explained that Mr. Herring had given him the wrong change—a ten-dollar bill instead of a one, and he'd had to go 'way back again after getting nearly home.

"Hm-m!" chuckled father, heaping Bob's plate with the succulent brown beans, "was he duly thankful?"

"Well, I dunno," replied Bob, with a grin. "He made me show him the rest of my money to make sure he hadn't given me two of 'em by mistake!" And, as the ensuing shout of laughter subsided, "said he hoped that would be a lesson to me in counting money."

But that night when he went to bed, and grandma came in to give him the good-night kiss that he was not yet too big to enjoy, he wound his arms about her neck and whispered, "Gee, gram, I'm awful glad I took that money back!"

And such is the intuition and sympathy and wisdom engendered in the hearts of loving grandmothers that she said never a word, but kissed him with even more than the usual tenderness, murmuring:

"Blessed laddie! Good-night!"

In that simple remark had been revealed to her temptation—and victory.

### Keeping at It.

"When I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence by George William Curtis that I have never forgotten, and that has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was this: 'An engine of one cat-power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty horse-power, that my life was narrow in many ways, and my opportunities were likely to be few. But one cat-power I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steadily as I could."

*Our Dumb Animals.*

### Her Sampler.

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS.

The sampler hanging on the wall  
Great-grandma made when she was small,  
And worked her name upon it here,  
"Mehitabel, in her eighth year."

In stitches straight and neat she set  
The letters of the alphabet,  
All twined about with vines and flowers,  
Mute witness to long, busy hours.

Her little hands, I have no doubt,  
Guiding the needle in and out,  
Were eager off to glean, instead,  
Real flowers, not wrought in colored thread.

She never dreamed her work would last  
After a hundred years had passed,  
A tale of patient care to tell—  
Dear little maid, Mehitabel!



### Wishing.

Do you wish the world were better?  
Let me tell you what to do:  
Set a watch upon your actions,  
Keep them always straight and true.  
Rid your mind of selfish motives,  
Let your thought be clean and high;  
You can make a little Eden  
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?  
Well, suppose you make a start,  
By accumulating wisdom  
In the scrap-book of your heart.  
Do not waste one page on folly;  
Live to learn, and learn to live.  
If you want to give men knowledge,  
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?  
Then remember day by day  
Just to scatter seeds of kindness  
As you pass along the way;  
For the pleasures of the many  
May be oftentimes traced to one,  
As the hand that plants an acorn  
Shelters armies from the sun.

*Youth's Companion.*

### The House that Jack Built.

BY PAULINE SHACKLEFORD COLYAR.

"Where is Uncle Ned?" demanded Jack, when he reached home from school.

"He has been in the orchard since sunrise," said Aunt Mary, looking up from the pot of marmalade she was stirring. "You know he is having the apples picked to ship."

"But he promised to make Rover a house," the boy replied pouting.

"And he'll keep his promise as soon as he has time," Aunt Mary explained. "The apples are already over-ripe."

"Oh! there's always something," was Jack's petulant retort, and he flung his dinner bucket clattering upon the floor.

Now it chanced that Grandma Dawson was out on the back porch knitting, and she heard what was said in the kitchen. "Come here, Jack," she called. "Grandma's ball has rolled out of doors, and you must run and get it. What was it you were doing for Aunt Mary just now?"

"Oh!—I—ah"—he stammered. "Uncle Ned promised to make me a house for Rover, and he won't do it, that's all."

"What!" cried the old lady, "a boy as big as you are waiting for somebody else to build his dog a dog house? Did you ever hear the old fable about the farmer and the lark?"

"I never did, but please tell it to me, Grandma," and he perched himself upon the arm of the big rocker, for there was nothing he loved better than to hear Grandma tell a story.

"Well, once upon a time," she began, "a lark built her nest and hatched her young brood in a big field of grain. Every day the mother had to leave the little ones, and go away in search of food, but nothing harmed them, so they grew and thrived, and by the time summer was gone they were almost ready to fly.

"One day in the autumn the mother returned to her nest, and found her children in great terror. 'O mother!' they told her, 'we heard the farmer talking while you were gone, and he says the grain is ripe, and he is

going to ask his neighbors to come and help him gather it to-morrow.'

"Don't be uneasy, my dears," said the old lark, 'it isn't yet time for us to move.' And, sure enough, nothing happened; for none of the neighbors came, and the grain was not cut.

"But, when the mother next returned to her nest, she found the little ones again greatly alarmed; for they had heard the farmer say he would ask his kin people to come and cut the grain on the next day.

"Don't be uneasy, my dears," said the old lark, once more. 'It isn't yet time for us to move.' And once again nothing happened. None of the kin people came, and the grain was not cut.

"The third time the mother came back to her nest to find her brood in a flutter of excitement. They told her they had heard the farmer say he would cut the grain himself the next day.

"When the mother lark heard this, she, too, was frightened, and she moved her little family out of the field; for she knew now the grain would be cut."

"That means people had better do things for themselves, in place of waiting for other folks, doesn't it, Grandma?" asked Jack, when the story was ended.

"Yes, that is what it means," came the answer, "and it is a lesson that every boy, and girl, too, should learn,—never leave for another the work which you might do yourself."

"Do you guess I could build Rover's house all by myself?" demanded the little fellow, after a moment's silence.

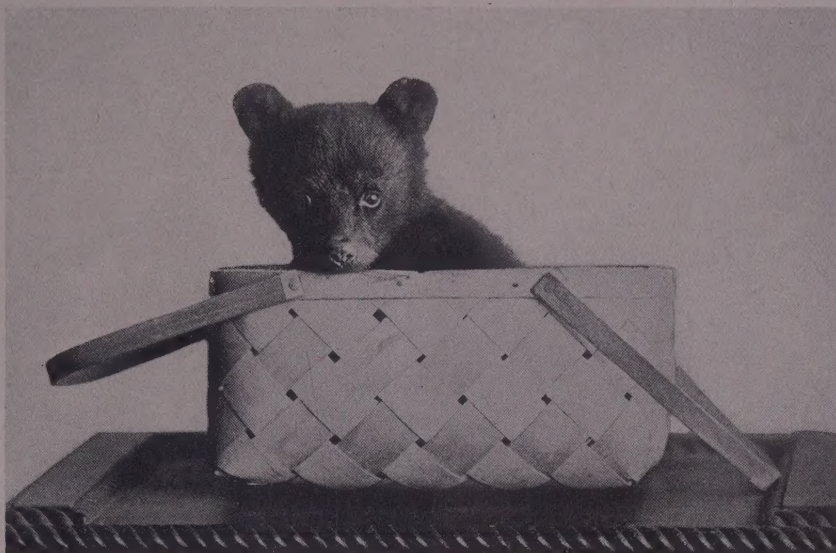
"I believe you would get it much sooner that way than by waiting for your uncle to make it for you," was Grandma's reply.

Then she led him to the old settee at the end of the porch, and told him to listen to a queer, grating little noise that came from under the seat.

"What is it?" the boy asked.

"A tiny carpenter hard at work on his own house," was her reply; and she pointed to a wee mound of sawdust on the floor.

"Why, that must be a little borer," cried Jack.



BABY BRUIN'S FIRST PICTURE.

*Photograph by Charles E. Whitney.*

"Yes," answered Grandma, "and, although he hasn't your tool-chest, nor an Uncle Ned, either, I am sure his home will be ready for him, all cosy and snug, when winter comes."

Jack didn't say any more, but Grandma felt that her lesson was not lost; for soon afterwards she heard the sound of hammer and saw, and two days later he called them all out to see Rover's winter quarters which he had erected against the back fence.

Uncle Ned and Aunt Mary could hardly credit what they saw, but a very knowing look passed between Grandma Dawson and her little grandson as she stroked his hair and repeated, with a satisfied smile, the old nursery rhyme:

"This is the house that Jack built."

### Good Counsel.

Little children, always be  
Kind to everything you see.  
Do not kick the table's legs.  
Don't beat unoffending eggs.

Do not mischievously try  
To poke things in a needle's eye;  
Nor guilty be of such a fault  
As to pinch the table salt.

Do not pull the teapot's nose.  
Don't ask bread what time it rose.  
Little pitchers' ears don't tweak,  
Nor smack the apple's rosy cheek.

But remember it is right  
To all things to be polite;  
Let the hay-scales have their weigh,  
Wish the calendar good day.

Kiss the clock upon its face,  
Return the arm-chair's fond embrace.  
Greet the sieve in merry strain,  
Ask the window how's its pane.

If you learn to show such traits  
To your dumb inani-mates,  
Toward your playmates then you'll find  
You've an amiable mind.

CAROLYN WELLS, in *Harper's Magazine*.



## THE BEACON.

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## Editorial.

There has not yet been time for the children's letters to arrive. You may look for them on this page in a week or two.

The editor has visited recently two Unitarian Sunday schools which she will describe to you.

It was Rally Sunday at the first school. The seats were all filled. More than a hundred and twenty pupils and teachers were present. Each wore a small pennant, bearing the words "Rally Day" and the date. There was a large class of young men, another of young women, and an adult class. The primary class made a small school in itself. One class of boys numbered fifteen. How good the singing was! Every one was interested and eager, and followed the leader. One song was vigorous and joyful, another was sung softly, as a prayer. All the work of the school was done with a fine spirit. The superintendent was a man enthusiastic over his school. Not a single class was without a teacher. Every one in that school must have been proud to be a member of it.

The second school was much smaller, but the members of it were doing excellent work. There was a double row of rather wistful faces of little children. Their singing, while not loud, sounded very sweet, led by the clear voice of a young girl. They knew the words of the songs without the book. The classes stood very quietly and reverently during the prayer. They recited memory passages in concert.

When classes were called, the little band marched in line, and took their places around tables. There they pasted pictures, colored texts, wrote in note-books, recited their memory work, and listened to the teacher. It was all good work, so well worth doing. Nothing was lacking *except numbers* to make an excellent school. More helpers, more young people, an adult class, would have encouraged the little group who were working so bravely and cheerfully.

Would it not help that small school to realize that they have hundreds of companions in the other Sunday schools of our Unitarian churches? They may think themselves a small band, but they are not alone. When the prophet Elijah was discouraged, and told God in his prayer that he was the only one left to worship, it was revealed to him that there were ten thousand others who had not deserted the faith of their fathers. So this small school may know that it belongs to a goodly company. When you tell of the good work your school is doing in a letter to *The Beacon*, you may be encouraging the members of another school that is small in numbers, but great in spirit, in purpose, and in loyalty.

State Game Commissioners and the  
Boy Scouts Unite to Protect the  
Birds.

A plan of co-operation between the Boy Scouts of America and the Game and Fish Department of many States in the Union has been worked out. It means that the Boy Scouts will have greater opportunities for real scouting, and also that the Fish and Game Departments of the different States will be aided in their program for conservation. This work has been accomplished by James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, and George H. Merritt, secretary of the editorial board.

One of the important phases of the scouting arranged for the boys is bird-craft. First of all every possible opportunity is being extended by the various States to help the boys scout for birds. By scouting is meant not the killing of birds, but their protection. The boys first of all will learn the habits of the birds and many things about them. They will scout for them with cameras. Then they will be taught the economic value of the birds, how they help the farmer and help the natural resources of the country. They will learn how they add to the enjoyment of persons in the woods; and, finally, they will realize the importance of saving the lives of the birds instead of shooting them.

Next, the boys will learn more about the trees. They will study them so that they will know them by name, will know their leaves, and can tell many things about them. They will also be taught to preserve the trees, and they will learn something about the diseases that afflict the forest.

A plan of co-operation between the Boy Scouts of America and the different game commissions has been pushed enthusiastically. Letters have been received from practically every State in the Union supporting the plan outlined by the Boy Scout leaders.

## To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern: it will come out a rose, by and by." Life is like that—one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 15, 8, 26, 28, 5, rises on milk.

My 11, 22, 9, is to gain.

My 35, 17, 30, is an affirmative.

My 5, 28, 14, the month after April.

My 32, 38, 9, is jollity.

My 21, 37, 28, 30, 19, is to cook in an oven.

My 6, 18, 29, a large inlet along the shore.

My 24, 13, 22, 23, is not fat.

My 12, 1, 28, 36, a salver.

My 34, 31, 19, not cold.

My 40, 18, 33, a head covering.

My 3, 10, 11, to cut grass.

My 23, 20, 27, to bob the head.

My 13, 7, 17, 27, to pay attention to.

My 16, 20, 27, a stick, a wand.

My 39, 4, 2, 39, 25, are useful in eating.

My whole is found in Ecclesiastes.

N. W. R., in *The Myrtle*.

## DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In bearable, but not in contest.

In reconsider, but not in missile.

In influenza, but not in offer.

In notch, but not in prism.

In wedlock, but not in unreal.

In sweet, but not in sour.

In solitary, but not in song.

In solvent, but not in spinner.

My whole are the names of two governors of Massachusetts.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. What word of three syllables has twenty-six letters?

2. What is it that you break immediately you name it?

3. A title common both to queen and dame,  
Alike from left to right I read the same?

## A BUNCH OF DATES.

Example: The date that goes before. *Antedate*.

1. The *date* that makes plain.

2. The *date* that seeks office.

3. The *date* that makes afraid.

4. The *date* that is a command.

5. The *date* that floods.

6. The *date* that is undisturbed by passion.

7. The *date* that adapts itself.

*Scattered Seeds.*

## SQUARE WORD (5 letters).

An ancient place of sacrifice.

To depart.

Receives.

To turn away.

Remains inactive.

E. M. C.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 4.

ENIGMA VII.—James Russell Lowell.

ENIGMA VIII.—"Self-praise goes but little ways."

HALF SQUARE.—BREAD

ROAM

EAR

AM

D

SIGNIFICANT LETTERS.—The Bees (B's). The Ells (L's). The Seas (C's). The Eyes (I's). The Jays (J's). The Owes (O's). The Tease (T's). The Wise (Y's).

## In Autumn.

Gayly chattering to the clattering  
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,  
Leap the squirrels red and gray.  
On the grass land, on the fallow,  
Drop the apples, red and yellow,  
Drop the russet pears and mellow,  
Drop the red leaves all the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.